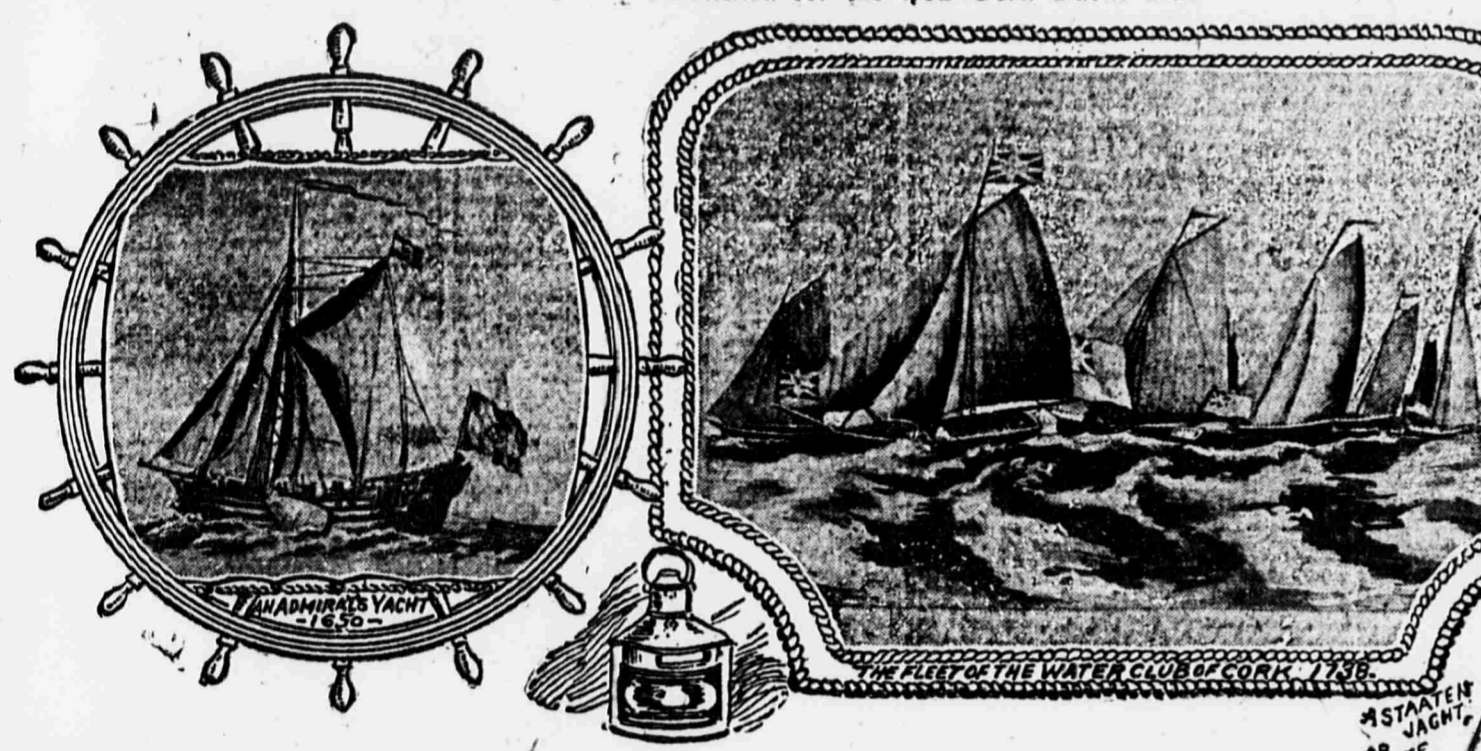


A Yachtsman's History of Yachting

The Book Prepared by Arthur H. Clark and
Published for the New York Yacht Club



Arthur H. Clark, owner of the cutter Minerva and a member of the New York Yacht Club, has for many years made a hobby of collecting facts about pleasure craft of all times and getting old pictures and prints to show the styles of boats that were built. The results of his labors have just been published in book form under the title of "The History of Yachting, 1000 to 1815." The book is published under authority of the New York Yacht Club by G. P. Putnam's Sons, and is a valuable addition to yachting history. It is filled with handsome illustrations showing the odd craft that have been popular in the years covered by the history, and there are many reproductions of historical pictures.

Mr. Clark in his introduction says: "At first sight it seems singular that no history of the origin and early development of yachts and yachting has ever been written. A little reflection will convince one of the amount of labor necessarily involved in such an undertaking. And had I been able to foresee the difficulties before me it is doubtful whether the task would have been begun."

"But, once undertaken, it became most interesting, and as the libraries, museums and old print shops of Holland, Great Britain and the United States little by little yielded their treasures, forming links here and there, with many fathoms of space between, it became a matter of unbounded pleasure to discover these old links—rusty though they were—and forge them into a chain as complete as historical chains usually are."

According to this history the first mention of royal yachts is found in the Bible. In Ezekiel, chapter xxvii, the prophet speaks of Tyre as "a merchant of the people for many isles. They have made all ship boards of fir trees of Senir: they have taken cedars from Lebanon to make"

masts for them. Of the oaks of Bashan have they made thine oars. . . . Fine linen with brodered work from Egypt was that which thou spreadest forth to be thy sail; blue and purple from the isles of Elishah was that which covered thee. . . . thy pilots, thy calkers, and all thy men of war that are in thee . . . shall fall into the midst of the seas in the day of thy ruin."

Purple in the early times carried royalty and all royal vessels carried purple sails, and Mr. Clark says that "benches of ivory certainly indicate a vessel equipped with royal luxury."

Briefly referring to Cleopatra's galley, the pleasure vessels of Isis and Thalameneus, the royal vessel presented to Athelstan by the King of Norway, the galley presented to Harlanau by Earl Godwin, the Queen's hall which carried Philip, niece of King Henry IV, and Queen of Norway, Denmark and Sweden, to join her husband in Denmark, and other royal vessels, the history gets to early in the seventeenth century, when the Dutch were powerful on the seas.

The most ancient yacht of which Mr. Clark was able to find any record was owned by the Burgomaster of Amsterdam about the year 1600. This yacht was probably used by the Burgomasters in their various official duties.

This boat had the characteristic Dutch high poop and she had two masts. The carving and ornamentation on the sides and stern were very elaborate. All vessels of that period were richly ornamented by carving, and the stern of the Dutch vessel shows to what an extent this practice was carried.

At that time yachts were used extensively by the Dutch East India Company. In some pictures of battles at sea these yachts are clearly shown.

It was in 1608 that Henry Hudson set sail

from Amsterdam in command of the yacht Halve Maen. She was a vessel of 80 tons burden and was owned by the Dutch East India Company. This company fitted out the yacht and paid Hudson £24 with which to provide an outfit.

The object of this voyage was to find a northern route to India. In case Hudson lost his life in the attempt the company agreed to pay his widow £16. The Halve Maen did not find the northern passage, but after a tempestuous voyage she put into the Delaware and later passed in by Sandy Hook and sailed up the river that now bears the name of the explorer.

One chapter is devoted to early yachting in this country. The first schooner built in this country, and probably in the world, was constructed by Andrew Robinson at Gloucester, Mass., in 1713.

Two masted vessels had been built before that date in Holland, but they had not been called schooners. Raboon in his "History of Gloucester" says that when the new vessel was going off the stocks into the water a bystander cried out, "Oh, how she scoons." Robinson replied at once: "A schooner let her be." From that time vessels with two masts and rigged fore and aft have been called schooners all the world over.

The first light built in this country was erected on the Little Brewster, an island at the entrance to Boston harbor. It is known throughout the maritime world as Boston Light, and in 1717, the year after it was built, an engraving of the light was published in London in which the tender appears.

From this engraving one can form an idea of the large scale of that period. That year another engraving was published in New York. This has a picture of the sloop Fancy, owned by Col. Lewis Morris.

The first sloop built in this city was the Onrust. Adriaen Block arrived at this port in 1613 on the Tiger. Just as the fleet was

ready to sail back to The Hague the Tiger was burned and Block and his companions were in some danger. It was too late in the season to expect another voyage to Holland, and the idea of spending the winter on Manhattan Island was not pleasant.

The Tiger had been anchored just off the present Battery place, at the foot of Greenwich street, when she caught fire. Block and his men built huts to shelter themselves, and then turned their attention to building a small vessel to replace the Tiger.

At the foot of Rector street was a high bluff covered with fine oaks suitable for ship timber. These were cut down and lowered down the bluff, and with the bolts and iron work saved from the Tiger the Onrust was built and fitted for sea. This boat was of 10 tons burden, her length on deck was 44 feet 6 inches, and on the keel 38 feet. Her beam was 11 feet 6 inches.

She was the first decked vessel built in this neighborhood, and the second decked vessel built in the United States, the first being the Virginia, a vessel of 30 tons, built at the mouth of the Kennebec in 1608.

Block started out in the Onrust exploring Hell Gate and Long Island Sound, and he discovered Block Island, which was named for him. This was six years before the Mayflower anchored in Plymouth harbor. In 1616 the Onrust sailed into Delaware Bay and up the Schuylkill. This was sev-

enty years before William Penn came on the scene.

After Block built the Onrust at the foot of Rector street there were flourishing shipyards there until all the timber was used up and the ridge levelled.

The first yacht club to be organized was formed in Ireland. Lord Inchiquin, the Hon. James O'Brien, Charles O'Neil, Henry Mitchell, John Rodgers and Richard Bullen were the organizers of the Cork Harbor Water Club in 1726. That club is now known as the Royal Cork Yacht Club.

The headquarters of the club was the castle on the island of Haulbowline in the harbor of Cork, and the members used to board their yachts and sail "a few leagues out to sea," led by the admiral and assisted by their vice-admiral. The sailing orders were as follows:

"The fleet to rendezvous at Spithead on club days, by the first quarter ebb; any boat not being in sight by the time the admiral is ahead of the Castle in Spike Island to forfeit a British half crown for gunpowder for the fleet."

When the admiral hoists his foresail half up, it is for the fleet to leave upon their anchor, and when the foresail is hoisted up and a gun fired the whole fleet is to weigh.

To observe no one for to go ahead or to windward of the admiral without being ordered. The vice-admiral to bring up the rear near the broad pennant at his masthead; captains to follow the admiral, and to take

place according to their seniority, viz., the eldest captain present to keep on the starboard quarter of the admiral, the second on the starboard quarter, and an ensign through the fleet if any stranger or strangers join company, it is expected he shall receive orders from the admiral.

A lot of signals are then given which are to be made by the admiral or the captains on certain occasions. This was before the days of the signal code of flags and there were only three or four flags to be used. Each yacht was called by a number of guns according to its position from the flagship.

"No captain to bring any stranger to the club, unless they should be at the captain's house the night before; this order not to extend to the admiral, who has a right to invite whom he pleases."

"No captain to bring any stranger to the club, unless they should be at the captain's house the night before; this order not to extend to the admiral, who has a right to invite whom he pleases."

"Ordered, That the Secretary do prepare a Union Flag, with the Royal Irish Harp and Crown on a green field in the center."

"Ordered, That no long tail wigs, large sleeves, or ruffles be worn by any member of the club."

"Ordered, That when any of the fleet join the admiral, if they have not guns to salute, they are to salute the admiral, and one cheer to be returned by the captain so saluting."

"Resolved, That such members, on others, as shall talk of sailing after dinner be fined a bumper."

"Ordered, That the admiral, singly, or any three captains whom he shall appoint, do decide all controversies or disputes that may arise at the club; and the admiral, singly, or any three captains whom he shall appoint, do decide to abide by such decision is to be expelled."

N. B.—This order to extend to the chaplain or any other inferior officer.

28. (April 21, 1727) Ordered, That for the future unless the company exceed the number of fifteen, no man be allowed more than one bottle to his share and a person who is not a member of the club (unless out of the kingdom) entertain in his turn, or substitutes a member in his room, otherwise the secretary is to provide dinner, the cost of which is to be paid by the member whose turn it shall be to attend, on pain of expulsion.

In 1738 the marine artist Monamy painted two pictures representing the boats of the Cork Water Club. These pictures are still owned by the club and hang in the present house at Cork.

Yacht racing dates in England from 1775. A new sort of entertainment called a regatta had been introduced into England from Venice and was held on the Thames, and at this regatta "several very respectable gentlemen, proprietors of sailing yachts on the river, agreed at their annual meeting at Battersea to draw up their boats in a line off Ranelagh Gardens, in order that they might be able to witness the rowing races without interfering with the yachts. These men formed the first yacht club on the Thames. The father of yacht racing was the Duke of Cumberland, brother of King George III. He offered in that year a silver cup to be sailed for from Westminster Bridge to Putney Bridge and back by the pleasure sailing boats.

The race was sailed on July 15, 1776, and the cup, valued at twenty guineas, was won by the Aurora, owned by Mr. Barker. The Duke of Newcastle arranged for another race, which was sailed on Aug. 5. The Cumberland Sailing Society was formed that year also, and regattas were often held.

In 1776 the Cumberland cup was won by the King's Fisher, a boat 20 feet long and 7 feet beam, owned by Commodore Taylor. In 1777 a yacht named Hawker, one of the Cumberland fleet, while crossing the English channel was chased into Calais by an American privateer.

In 1784 the yacht Lively, owned by Mr. Shuttleworth, who also owned a beautiful villa on the Thames, visited the United States. This yacht was of 140 tons, mounted ten guns and carried a crew of twenty-five men. The voyage occupied about fourteen months. Mr. Shuttleworth cruised from the coasts of Florida to Hudson Bay and entertained George Washington while in the Delaware.

Mr. Clark devotes considerable space to telling about the centrepiece. He says: "There has been much controversy as to who first devised the centrepiece. Who ever it was he really is not entitled to much credit for originality, as the centrepiece is simply the leeward of Holland substituted for the sailing keel in the trunk of well used by Schank. Capt. John Schank, R. N., while stationed at Boston in 1774, built the first vessel fitted with a sailing keel. It is a vessel highly praised," says Mr. Clark, "that many different persons may have adopted the idea at the same time."

But the first authentic record of the centrepiece is a model made by Molyneux Shuldham, R. N., in 1800, while a prisoner of war at Verdun, still to be seen in the museum at Ipswich, England. In 1801, Jacob Swain, Henry Swain and Joshua Swain of Cape May, N. J., applied for and received a patent for a centrepiece, or as they called it, "leeward through the bottom."

When Schank returned to England he continued his experiments with the centrepiece, and he prevailed on the navy board to allow him to construct two boats of fifteen tons each, one of the old type and the other with sliding keels. In trials between these two boats the centrepiece outlasted the other, and the Lords of the Admiralty made a successful voyage of discovery to New South Wales in 1800.

In 1799 there were 43 gun vessels in the Royal Navy fitted with sliding keels. Commodore Taylor built and owned four yachts named the Cumberland. One of them, No. 4, was fitted with five sliding keels.

CIRCUS QUEEN FACTORY BUSY

MAKING OVER STAGE LADIES FOR SAWDUST PAGEANT.

Twenty-four (Not Chorus Girls, Mind) of Matched Styles Learning to Ride on Padded Seats—Spirits Act on the Mechanic—Trainer's Troubles.

Frank Melville, circus rider, is trying to do a miracle in his business these days. He is transforming twenty-four ladies of the theatrical profession into circus riders. The press agent says that they are chorus girls, but they dispute this with indignation, for nearly every one has had lines to say some time.

Melville is doing his stunt for the new hippodrome, which is to open with a blazing pageant of equestrian talent. These are Frank Melville's own words.

On either side of the pageant as it sweeps in will ride twelve girls standing up like real circus riders. The girls on one side are going to be blondes and ride brunettes horses. On the other side will be mounted twelve brunettes on blond steeds. The agents tried to find twenty-four matched blonde and brunette circus riders. They couldn't be had in sizes to suit, so Pete Barlow, who used to be a rider before he took to taming elephants, volunteered to break in two dozen green girls, and Frank Melville agreed to put on the taming touches. The girls on one side answered the advertisement and passed muster. A month ago the only horse they knew was a clotheshorse. Now they're to be "queens of the sawdust."

Night after night Melville is drilling them by squads of eight in the tankard ring of an auction room on Thirteenth street. As in all the learned professions, circus riding comes by hard grind. Just now, in the language of the profession, the girls are riding "on the mechanic."

The "mechanic" is a sort of mast with a swinging boom, which circles around the ring, following the course of a circus horse. On the mast and boom are pulleys and over the pulleys runs a rope. The whole device is not unlike a revolving gallows with a very long arm. When the rope is hooked tight to the leather belt of a girl she can fall off three times in one turn around the ring and never get hurt, except in her feelings. She just hangs there like the swinging angel of the flying ballet until the ringmaster brings the horse back and tucks her on again.

Melville had learned 2 at work last night. This squad has squared to stand up on the pad—if the horse doesn't wobble too much. Mr. Melville was trying to teach them that graceful little fluttering slip with which the queen of the sawdust ring springs to the saddle before the pointer her dainty toes in air and begins to ride.

A dainty blonde in bloomers, a lace waist, diamond earrings and a white horse began to trot. The "pad" is the circus saddle. It looks like a three-fourths bed mattress.

"The lady up, Jimmy," began Mr. Melville. "Now, lady, it's just like this. Bend the left limb slightly. No, not like that. Thrust out the right limb straight, bending the toe. That's it. Now, place your hands on the pommel, and gracefully bring up both limbs. Kneel on the knee of the right limb, and rest lightly on the instep. That's right. Now, when you go home, practise it on the sofa."

The new queen of the air stood up and pranced herself with a 45 miles an hour expression as the white horse began to trot. He is being trained himself, that horse. The team work was poor.

28 YEARS A PEELER AND HAPPY.

ROUNDSMAN FARRELL'S LAUGH A TONIC FOR DYSPEPSIA.

Roxy, Healthy and Contented, but Won't Tell How Old He Is—Father of Fourteen Children—Used to Chase Goats When There Was Little Else in Yorkville.

Roundsman John Farrell doesn't look it. His round, rosy, good natured face doesn't give a hint of it. His erect form, springy step and clear eye would lead you away off from ever guessing it.

Yet it is a cold fact that "Rounds" John Farrell has been twenty-eight years a member of the New York police force. As to his age—well, John Farrell, sitting down the question. He doesn't say he is this age or that age. He meets the square question with a square sidestep. No beating around the bush about it.

"John Farrell, how old are you?" Honest Injun, now!" said a man who found him at his post of duty yesterday afternoon at the Brooklyn end of the Bridge. You could have found John right there any time these six years back, whenever it was his business to be there.

So the man who was curious about ages found him there yesterday afternoon stamping around in the cold, raw wind with his cheeks like two fresh cut slices of beefsteak, and he said to John, says he:

"John Farrell, how old are you?" Honest Injun, now!" said John. "I sidestep that question."

Then he laughed. There is just one better thing about John Farrell's laugh than hearing it. That is seeing it. If you are dyspeptic and yet have got to get your face wreathed in the merry style appropriate to the coming Yuletide, you couldn't begin your training better than by going over the Brooklyn Bridge and getting John Farrell to laugh, and watch him when he does it. Of course, you can't duplicate that laugh. Nobody can. It's a gift. But if you watch it you may get a pointer or so.

It's easy enough to get John to laugh. He's generally laughing. But if you want to see the real rollicking fun illuminating his face get him to tell you about some of the goat raids in the old Nineteenth precinct, up Yorkville way, when he was stationed there about a quarter of a century ago.

"There was Patrolman Campbell," says John, "hanging on to the nanygoats' hind legs, and I hanging on to Campbell's hind legs, and all three of us sliding down one of those Yorkville rock mountains, and the nanny bleating and Campbell a-swearin' and an old woman hacking away at us with an axe for trying to run in her goat. She didn't hit us; more's the good luck. But it wasn't her fault. She was savage enough, frothing at the mouth and whacking away with her axe. But we got the axe away from her and we tossed the nanny, and Campbell had a new uniform with the front all ripped out in slices and strings."

"Yes, that was up in the old Nineteenth, with the station in Fifty-ninth street. It was a big precinct. It went on the east from Forty-second street up along the East River as far as Seventieth street. And goats! Don't say a word! They were all squatters on the rocks up there and every squatter had a dozen goats, it seemed. We used to have to start out at 3 o'clock in the morning with a platoon of twenty-five men just to round up the goats and run 'em in. We corralled as many as three

TUGBOAT LIFE MONOTONOUS.

BUT THERE ARE CHANCES AFTER ONE MAKES GOOD.

Captains Who Do Well—Why a Crew Rarely Ship Together a Second Time—No Romance in the Business and Less Danger Than Might Be Supposed.

"There's no romance in the towing business," said the tugboat captain. "It's all hard work. I've been in it thirty years. I've been everything from deck hand to cook, and cook to skipper, and the only romance I ever ran into wasn't a romance at all."

"It was down off the oyster market at Tenth street. We were pushing in a barge when the captain calls out to me—I was a young chap then—There's a woman overboard."

"Sure enough there was. She'd tumbled off a canal boat. I jumped after her and held her up till they heaved a line to us. I got it around her under the arms and they hauled her on deck again. She was a regular beauty. I picked up a newspaper and read a great account of how a cop came running down the dock peeling his coat off and shedding his helmet and night stick, and how he plunged into the swirling river and hauled out the beautiful maiden just as she was sinking for the third time. He got a medal or an honorable mention or something, I read later on; but I didn't grudge it to him as long as I didn't have to marry the girl to make a romance."

"Was she as ugly as all that?" the other man put in.

"No, she was a pretty good looking, but you see she was only a canaller, and besides I had a romance of my own about that time which was strictly a dry land affair, and I didn't want any story book affairs or cross-currents."

"Tugboat life is a good enough life for a careless young fellow. Your pay of \$30 a month or so is velvet. The owners feed you and feed you well, steak and cereal and roast beef or two or three vegetables and pie or pudding for dinner, fish or chops for supper and all the coffee you can drink. You bunk on the boat. You do your own washing. You don't have to wear good clothes. About the only thing you have to buy is tobacco."

"So, if you're of a saving nature, you can soak your money away, as much as \$300 a year. If you're a sport you can cut loose whenever you have a good wind and have a real life of it for a couple of months."

"I knew one old fellow who stuck to the water well in life and never made good, and that was his way. He'd remain aboard the boat for ten months a year."

"Every time we got to New York he'd make a short run up the street to the nearest saloon and have two beers all by himself. Then he'd steer back and never step off the plank again perhaps for a week."

"At the end of ten months he'd draw his pay, throw up his job and disappear. Well, if you met him at one of the hotels along West street while the money lasted, you wouldn't know him. You'd think he was the owner. He always came back feeling good and quite content to lie by for ten months more for another spell of playing goldenrod."

"But there's a few that's content with that sort of life after they're 80 years old. It's a rare thing to see gray whiskers on deck."

"What do they do then?" the captain was asked.

"Anything. I've known them to take to farm work, teach school, go in business, drive a truck, when they don't make good

Outlived All His Peilkeepers. Menckener correspondence Philadelphia Record.

Spencer T. Hancock, a well known merchant, will to-morrow celebrate his eighty-first birthday and the fiftieth anniversary of his marriage.

More than sixty years ago his health was bad and he prepared a list of will bequeaths. All of these are dead, and he has prepared a fresh list.

CURIOUS FEATURES OF LIFE.

Coffins as Furniture.

From the London Daily Mail. A man living at Queensbury not only uses his coffin as a piece of household furniture, but he has also a grave made in the local churchyard headed by a gravestone on which his name is set out in conventional style. Underneath is the line: "Not dead, but waiting."

One man at Tong near Bradford kept his Sunday clothes in his coffin, and another, who ate porridge at breakfast, used his coffin as a meal bin.

Some years ago a Keighley man kept butter flies specimens in his coffin.

Imagination Caused Death. From the Chicago News.

A workman on the Siberian railway was accidentally locked into a refrigerator car and was afterwards found dead. Imagining that he was being slowly frozen to death, he had recorded his sufferings with a piece of chalk on the floor.

The refrigerating apparatus, however, was out of order, and the temperature in the car had not fallen below 50 degrees Fahrenheit throughout the journey.

Farmer Shot by a Cow. From the Alto Pioneer.

Ira Cummins, a Woods county farmer, was accidentally shot near Marshall while attempting to remove a cow and a calf from a pasture.

Cummins carried a loaded shotgun, and the cow became angry and chased Cummins. In so doing she caught her horn on the gun trigger, discharging the weapon. The contents entered Cummins' breast, killing him instantly.

Squaw's Advice Sought by Braves. Mukogoo correspondence Kansas City Journal.

The party from the Creek enrollment division of the Dawes Commission who have been in the field for some time taking notes of many relative to names on the allotment rolls met with a remarkable Indian woman. She has wonderful powers of leadership and her fame for wisdom and valorous counsel spread throughout the entire Snake tribe.

This woman's name is Fahne and she is a fullblood Snake. Her home is at Hillabee, a fullblood settlement west of Enid. The brave of the tribe never undertake a hunting expedition without first seeking her advice. The Indians usually look with contempt upon the advice of a "squaw," and it is a most unusual occurrence to find an Indian woman sitting in the council meetings of the tribe. Fahne, however, has this privilege, her opinions always being asked on such occasions. She is 50 years old and has an enviable reputation for virtue and honest dealing. She is often consulted by Washache the chief medicine man of the Snake tribe, who is supposed to be in closest touch with the Great Spirit. He is taken into the confidence of the medicine men, and would be considered an honor by any of the men of the tribe. A woman who enjoys such a position is not considered by the tribesmen doubly honored.

Regained Health in Late Drive. Eldorado correspondence Des Moines Register.

Determined to improve his wife's health by plenty of pure air and out of door life, H. A. Richardson, who has just arrived from Belle Plaine, succeeded in accomplishing his mission in a novel and unique manner.

The family had been in the State of Washington for some time, and, longing to get back to Iowa, they started with a horse and wagon from Spokane July 22, drove all the way to Belle Plaine, got home in time to start as once for Evanston to spend Thanksgiving and Mrs. Richardson has fully recovered her lost health, thanks to the long and extended wagon ride. The distance traveled is nearly 2,500 miles.

The health of Mrs. Richardson began to improve on the first day of the trip. In ten days she was able to enjoy the health of her girlhood, the best of her life.